

**(Don't) Eat the trick-or-treat candies!**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/60099091) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/60099091>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">第五人格   Identity V (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Joker   Weeping Clown/Mike Morton   Acrobat</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Joker   Weeping Clown, <u>Mike Morton</u>   Acrobat</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Mike Morton   Acrobat's Costume: Tea Party, <u>Joker</u>   Weeping Clown's Costume: The Encroached, <u>Drug Use</u>, <u>But it's Consensual Drug Use</u>, <u>Blood Drinking</u>, <u>IdV Halloween Settings</u>, <u>Riding your familiar for research purposes</u>, <u>Anal Sex</u>, <u>Drugged Sex</u></a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-10-27 Words: 4,038 Chapters: 1/1

# (Don't) Eat the trick-or-treat candies!

by [Cirlufe](#)

## Summary

When Quinlan leans in, his whisper is as sweet and alluring as the arms that wrap tightly around the bunny's neck, steady to get the bunny stuck under yet another trap Quinlan settles. The red tinting Encroached's expression is of utter pleasure to the smaller witch grinning mischievously up to the beautiful, wide ruby orbs. Oh so precious rubies, Quinlan's to enjoy, Quinlan's to devour, Quinlan's to receive.

“Are you that interested in discovering what effects those candies have on you?”

## Notes

wow who could've guessed my yet other piece for jkmk would be for those skins. insane isn't it.

Anyway. Coughs. Hello :) this piece was especially made to celebrate the (slightlybelatedimsorry) birthday from a very dear friend of mine, Sonder ✨ may everything good happen to you for eternity and have a nice belated gift!

*“Remember — be careful to not eat those candies while we’re traveling,” Quinlan warned his familiar, pet, with one of his assuring smiles while they prepared things for the festivities in October City. One can’t even tell how many candies are displayed by Quinlan’s table anymore, nor how could they all fit inside his hat so well. “They are not meant for the likes of us, but rather to the wandering spirits we may occasionally bump in!”*

*“S-Spirits...?!” Although Encroached has been beside Quinlan for so long — an once captive man now treated as the highest prize under a witch’s hand — he still can’t help his ear from raising in surprise to certain occasions. Oh, he can still remember perfectly how he almost tripped on his feet, frightened from the mere surprising sight of that headless lady by the last year’s Banquet! “What do you mean by wandering spirits?” He gulps in anxiety. “We — we won’t be under Your Lordship’s castle protection. Isn’t it dangerous?!”*

*The witch’s grin only makes the bunny’s head sink between his shoulders, apprehensive to unknown danger and the fun Quinlan takes out of it.*

*“Fret not, darling! Those candies are, precisely, to prevent us from falling under the dangers of trick or treat. So do me a favor, and always keep at least one of those ready by your pocket if the need ever comes in hand.”*

Encroached still remembers their conversation not long before their arrival to the festivities of October City. Enigmatic per usual, a maze within orange and teal blue, reading Quinlan has always been both an open book and pages and pages of puzzles to understand a thing. He didn’t know what Quinlan meant by dangers of trick or treat back then, and he still doesn’t have a clue as he obediently follows his master through the decorated streets lighting their path down the city celebrating the night of all hallows.

Pumpkin lanterns offering refreshing orangish lights, paper cuts of all sizes and styles to resemble skulls and bats, spiderwebs oh so real that made Encroached ponder if they were really artificial or not. Every little inch of October City was perfect to the likeness of its residents eager for the Queen coronation event and the waltzing with those who no longer breathed between them all. Adults’ chattering along the tingling of glasses, children fill the streets with their naive laughter, black cats are seen in each and every corner watching everything with eyes as sharp as the Lead Consultant’s. Everything is as it should be, perfect to the core.

It’s lovely, to say the least. Encroached can’t help but have his reddish orbs torn between the lights above his head warning him of the nightly breeze lightly blowing the candles or the shows below from all distinguished fantasies among life and death sharing the same place.

Encroached does as Quinlan pleases through the night, following him from the final preparations for the coronation to the heart charming singing presentation by the flawless Lorelei. All the contagious energy surrounding the city almost makes Encroached forget the little conversation — warning — he had with Quinlan and get himself lost in the man's order for "*Just have fun tonight!*"", if it wasn't by the sudden, childish voice catching witch and familiar's attention to turn around with a well known request to the ear.

"*Trick or treat!*"

What Encroached sees is a little girl in a green dress, smiling as brightly as her golden hair and eyes as pure as the moon above, hand outstretched in expectation of an answer for her request. Adorable little thing she is, carrying an orange pumpkin-shaped basket in her hands with a few candies filling its inside.

It takes Encroached but a moment to realize she is no average human girl — her feet, bare above grass, are translucent to the eye and see through by her toes. A ghost-like appearance hidden with a charm to the eye, she hovers a few centimeters above the ground everyone steps on, just enough to deceive anyone into believing she is just merely walking instead.

The realization causes Encroached's good ear to raise, the way it always does when facing those "*curious surprises*" of his, as Quinlan sweetly calls it.

The witch, on the hand, doesn't seem startled by the girl's abnormality, rather amused as his painted lips upturn in a welcoming smile to greet her.

"Of course, little one, as you please!" Quinlan gentlemanly bows towards her, at the same time he takes his hat off, hand ready rummaging inside its endless pit. "Do you have any preferences for flavor? Apple pie surrounded in honey? Cherry with a peanut base? How about a strawberry covered in sweetened milk? Carrot cake with chocolate flavored bonbon?"

"I... There are so many! It's hard to decide, uh..." Shining naive eyes goes wide with every recommendation Quinlan offers, until a speechless little miss hums pondering her options. So many, so tasty! It's hard to choose only one, and Quinlan seemed aware of it as his hand left his hat with a fistful of small candies. They float at the command of his fingers, bunny spheres help his magic to flow, and soon land down to her little pumpkin-like basket.

"Guess I ended up overdoing candies for the night, so there's no problem in offering my first customer a handful of extra goodies," he winks playfully. "Let's keep it a secret between us, my little miss, so my stock won't come to an end before dawn."

Her expression of delight with a jaw hanging open in an excited "Ah!" is more than enough payment one can receive in an exchange of tricks and treats. A child's happiness is priceless.

"Thank you! I can't wait to share them with my friends, misters!"

Being called mister, even if indirectly, still makes Encroached's head confused for the role doesn't belong to someone like him — yet he doesn't correct the little miss as she takes her leave with happiness surrounding her.

“Those candies... Are those meant for a smile on the children's face?”

From the mere moment Encroached took his eyes off her, he could swear she vanished away once she took a turn between a tree not far from them, but Quinlan's voice makes him lose track of her path.

“She seemed inoffensive, but we can't test the unknown waters. Children-like ghosts are purer in energy, but we never know what went on through their afterlives.”

“Inoffensive?” Encroached tilts his head. “Wasn't she merely a child, master?”

“You are no naive to things beyond human's comprehension anymore, darling. I'm sure you noticed her feet just as much as I did. What we just saw wasn't merely a girl, but a ghost having her little fun while the fine line between the City of Shadows and October City is so weak.”

*City of Shadows?*

What is that place? What is the fine line Quinlan speaks of? Should it be part of some magical lesson Encroached has forgotten of?

That is a name Encroached couldn't recall, he believes, and Quinlan knows his familiar well enough to recognize it when doubts come in his silent tone.

“Stop putting that head of yours to work,” Quinlan's hands, so cold yet the gentlest of them all, reach out to hold Encroached's face with tenderness to catch his attention back from what could be the beginning of an overthinking path. “The night is young, and we've barely visited the stalls yet.”

The thumb teasing just beneath the mask is more than enough to make Encroached melt to the touch; too much kindness has been delivered to him from those same bandaged hands, and they always put him under Quinlan's charms without even the need for any enchantment to be chanted from the painted lips.

...Still, they aren't enough to make his curiosity go away.

“If I may—”

“You may as you please, my dear bunny,” Quinlan answers him with a smile.

“You said we shouldn't eat those candies, but you gave a portion to that young miss,” leaning into the hand caressing his face is to be pliant to Quinlan's desire. It's good, lures him to do as Quinlan pleases and spit his curious thoughts out. “What is so special about them?”

“How insightful you are,” Quinlan's smile widens in satisfaction. He got a bingo on Encroached's question, one he, deep down, had been eagerly waiting for the whole night. “It's simple, they are made by me, therefore they carry a part of my emotions. The good ones, that is,” he shrugs. “Take it as special food for ghosts and spirits below. Usually only human kind produce them, but I had my means to enchant them on my own, for the ghosts use those appetizers to stabilize their own energy while blindly wandering through those streets.”

Encroached nods. He is unsure if he gets it fully, though, but it is irrelevant to Quinlan. He has always been fond of teaching new tricks to his bunny, prideful in knowing he was the trigger who converted a once believer of a faux sun idol into worshiping him instead.

To be fair, who wouldn't be so pleased in having a cute thing like Encroached under the very command of one's finger?

“But enough of the mindless trivialities. Please do answer me something now, darling.”

When Quinlan leans in, his whisper is as sweet and alluring as the arms that wrap tightly around the bunny's neck, steady to get the bunny stuck under yet another trap Quinlan settles. The red tinting Encroached's expression is of utter pleasure to the smaller witch grinning mischievously up to the beautiful, wide ruby orbs. Oh so precious rubies, Quinlan's to enjoy, Quinlan's to devour, Quinlan's to receive.

“Are you that interested in discovering what effects those candies have on you?”

Quinlan has only appreciation for the way Encroached blinks a few times, shoulders stiffened, a staggered “*I... I...*” leaving his parted lips to the witch's offer. Mesmerized by the mismatched orbs and prettiest eyelashes blinking in faux innocence, taken away from his rationality whenever Quinlan wanted him to be, it doesn't take much for Encroached to give in to his master, owner, and nod in agreement to something he couldn't exactly even tell what could be his role for.

Still, he finds himself hungering for whatever sweet Quinlan has to offer him. As always, Encroached is a prey; he doesn't mind the role if his hunter is oh so kind to him.

“A-As you please, master. It'll always be— be of my pleasure to serve you.”

“Knew I could count on you!” Quinlan giggles. “You know, I've never seen with my own eyes someone's reaction to them. I'm deeply grateful for having such a pretty thing willing to help me.”

Encroached receives but a simple kiss on his cheek before he is taken by the hand and led towards the city's hotel. He doesn't question Quinlan's choices taking him to somewhere else, pliant as he always is, unbothered to be but a research experiment for his owner's amusement.

“Now, you did as I told you before, right? Is there candy in your pocket?”

There's barely little to no light illuminating their shared room; just good enough for Encroached to see his owner standing in front of him and the moon's reflection over the small decorations around.

“I, uh, yes. I kept a bonbon as you ordered me to.”

“Let me guess, is it the vanilla flavored one?” Quinlan asks casually and Encroached nods, idly hands reaching down to the familiar's candy while his eyes don't leave his face. “Oh, I just knew you'd get this one! Reminds me of your scent, that sweet one you let out when you are embarrassed,” the oh-not-so-subtle touches only make Encroached's back arch, until the hands are gone to unwrap the candy.

It's but a simple bonbon for the eyes of anyone who sees it, whether human being or not, but it carries just enough energy to make a ghost be satisfied and lured into the faux belief of never becoming forgotten. Simple, round, with the hint of vanilla entering their noses and pleasing Quinlan the most for remembering him of his bunny.

“I made this one thinking of you,” Quinlan states, turning the candy around with delight. “It's delicious, and smells good. Just like you in a way.”

“Now, come and take a bite of it.”

To the order, Encroached opens his mouth in expectation.

To his surprise, however, Quinlan doesn't give his candy just yet. No, he never makes things the boring way. Instead, he places it between his painted lips, eyes always having the most fun with his prey's face as he points towards the sweet thing he holds between his teeth.

*Take it*, is the silent order he gives.

Although Encroached has kissed those lips countless times, the act still makes him blush with the show Quinlan opts to take instead of simply giving it to him. It's his fault for not predicting the unpredictable from his master before.

But, ah. Who is he to deny his master's request?

A shy thing he is as he leans to take a timid bite from the bonbon. It's funny how Encroached tries to be gentle, careful, while Quinlan has the opposite idea, leaning in to pressure the piece of food further on his familiar's mouth.

Encroached almost chokes with surprise, gasps trying to chew on it while Quinlan's lips are on his. It's sweet to the taste buds, the chocolate melts nicely through teeth and tongue. He swallows after a good moment fighting for the control of his own mouth, and Quinlan lets out a satisfied humming.

“It's really tasty...”

Quinlan huffs, thumbing the corner of Encroached's lips to wipe clean some of the chocolate. He shamelessly licks his thumb afterwards. “How do you feel?”

A question, a simple one, yet one that Encroached can't reply immediately.

*Dizzy.*

His head spins when the candy sinks inside; he feels, somehow, happier than before with the mere sight of his owner in front of him. Quinlan makes him happy. Makes him feel special.

Chuckles at how lightheaded he is, blurry eyes always on Quinlan, as if the smiling teal colored figure in front of him served as the one and only anchor Encroached had through the fog in his head.

And Quinlan might as well be the anchor in his life.

“Master...”

“Why, yes, that's me! Darling, look at me in the eyes,” he asks, requests all cutely, and holds the dizzy head of his familiar with a hand on his cheek keeping his balance to his control. “Do you remember how honest you were that one time I asked you to test some potions for me? Telling me how you felt at every sip, giving me your genuine reactions and all.

Slowly, Encroached nods. Even through his dizziness, he could still recall how he once had been taken as an experiment test for Quinlan's mixed drinks, a subject to react by Quinlan's will. Different liquids that made him go from floating in the kitchen to getting himself in a breathless state from a mere sip of a square bottle.

“That's good, that's good,” a hand so gently slips down the bunny mask is barely registered by Encroached's senses, a moment before Quinlan takes it off and places it by the bedside table. “I need you to do just like that day. Tell me everything you feel, answer everything I ask of you with genuineness. You know how curious I am to learn new experiences.”

“Tell me, can you feel my fingers on you?”

Every syllable Quinlan speaks is so sweet to Encroached, he could easily let himself drown in the witch's voice — and he might as well do. His skin, half way through numbness, still reacts to every touch his master does by undressing him with that same deadly gentleness Quinlan always had on him. A gentleness Encroached never considered himself worth receiving, but one he grew possessive of with time.

Those slender fingers were offered to him and him only, so he might as well give in and accept what fate puts in his way with once in a lifetime luck by his side.

All the bad thoughts usually lurking through his head finally slip away, replaced by Quinlan, Quinlan, Quinlan—

“Y-Yes,” Encroached answers, his throat apple bobs almost audibly feeling fabric slip out of his body. It's refreshing, he doesn't complain. He never does. “Good, I—”

“I know they are,” the witch giggles. He takes but a mere move to have his naked bunny sitting by the bed's edge, a knee placed between his legs.

The uncontrolled moan Encroached allows to slip is the greatest symphony Quinlan could receive.

Lost in the blurry of his head, Encroached doesn't know when he did get an erection from the few touches Quinlan had on him from merely undressing him, but Quinlan notices, knows every button he needs to press around his familiar to get anything he want.

Embarrassment doesn't occur to Encroached in that state of mind. Instead, he craves more, to have that fiery hair frame as the only thing Encroached could ever see and feel. Quinlan isn't subtle when he moves his knee again the clear erection Encroached had to offer.

"...re..." Encroached mumbles, Quinlan hums him a question while blindly unwrapping his teal colored coat.

"Louder, darling."

Encroached chuckles. It's cute how happy he looks through the tingling of the candy's effects on his head.

"I... I want to feel you more, master," it's almost uncharacteristical how bold and sloppy Encroached acts by leaning forward, caressing his master's side to raise his white shirt and kiss his exposed tummy with those unique pleading eyes of his. "Please, let me... You taste so good."

For a moment, Quinlan is happy that Encroached can't really process things; it's easier for him to hide away the flush going by his cheeks by the mere act of that soft kiss on his skin, giving him goosebumps and the need for something more than just a mere kiss. Butterflies bat their wings down his stomach, warning him of a heat only Encroached can make him feel. He is hungry, always greedy for the things his familiar has to offer.

"Really?" Quinlan answers, teases, his upper vests slipping down his shoulders and down to be forgotten scattered by the floor. Painted fingers lead Encroached's face up, and Quinlan loves the half lidded eyes trying his very best to keep all his remaining focus on Quinlan and Quinlan only. "Well, I'm glad you think so."

With the mere snap of his fingers, Quinlan's lower clothes are gone, freeing himself from the fabric separating his skin from his bunny's. He is eager when he pulls Encroached's face close for a kiss, leaning their bodies down to the bed and savoring the moans Encroached lets out with every accidental touch of Quinlan's knee caressing against his erection.

Their kiss is sloppy by Encroached's end, taking whatever Quinlan does to him with no struggling. The small bites by his lower lip, the tongue invading his mouth, lipstick marking his face in that unique tone of orange. Everything is overwhelming to Encroached, enough to make him see stars and wet himself in precum from all the excitement through his numbness.

"Fuck me," Quinlan whispers against his lips, stealing a last appetizer from the reddish, parted lips from the bunny breathing deeply underneath his body. "You feel so happy down there, don't you?" He only proves his words further by adjusting his position over Encroached, legs spread wide and ass cheeks teasingly moving against Encroached's elevated member. The slick of precum is charming to the eye when Quinlan peeks down. "So, so happy. I wonder if it's because of that candy, or because of me."

“You!” Encroached answers almost immediately; gagging on his own tongue through the accelerated rise and fall of his chest. “Y-You, only you! Master, master Duncan...!”

“Maaaster Duncan,” Quinlan repeats the calling with gusto, slowly, at the same time he is no more merciful by elevating his hips over Encroached’s cock and the hands supporting his own weight on Encroached’s stomach. “That tongue of yours can do the sweetest things to my heart, darling.”

The series of pleadings Encroached lets out begs for Quinlan’s mercy to end with all the teasing, those white pearls taking place on Encroached’s head the further Quinlan touches him.

“Hope you don’t mind if I take a bite of that sweetness.”

Of course Encroached doesn’t mind. A bite, two, to devour him whole or whatever, Encroached couldn’t care less as long as it was Quinlan handling him. His answer, however, doesn’t matter as Quinlan slowly lowers his hips over his cock and all Encroached can do is arch his back and receive the pleasure without a single rational thought.

The tip stretches his rimming muscles open, the lack of preparation and heated thoughts only make Quinlan go further down against a second thought, breath hitching to the sudden fullness invading his insides. A warmth he is oh so familiar with, but one that might get him consequences the day after for not doing it with proper preparation. All the pain mixing with pleasure, full and hot just the way Quinlan enjoyed it.

Encroached’s sweating face, smiling through his dizziness, only excites Quinlan further.

“F-Fuck, Encroached—” He gasps, pants, reaching the seven heavens above and below.

Encroached is adorable like that, Quinlan thinks. Blindly trying to reach out to touch Quinlan’s thighs, trembling fingers praising his legs. Perfectly pliant to Quinlan’s will.

It’s slow at first, the way Quinlan forcefully moves his hips up and down to fuck himself on his bunny’s cock, Encroached’s size adjusting perfectly to his insides.

“You feel so good inside of me—!” Quinlan says, but all Encroached can do in response is nod mindlessly. The colors going through his eyes are of the prettiest colors mixed with orange and white.

Good, dream-like ecstasy hits Encroached’s head the faster Quinlan rides him, all those sounds of pleasure that leave Quinlan’s tongue are of pure indulgence to Encroached. All the heat runs through waves of pleasure through Encroached’s body, his climax hanging by the door with how good Quinlan is with his body.

Hands supporting the witch over Encroached’s stomach, Quinlan’s erection jumping at every bouncing of his hips, everything is too much for a far too gone mind. Encroached doesn’t know when, but he comes, stains Quinlan’s insides and makes him blind to pure pleasure.

Quinlan only comes to a stop once he masturbates his own leaking member and leans down — down to kiss his neck, down to bite his throat ceremonyless. Down to take a sip and finally have a taste of what it is like to drink an adulterated blood.

Encroached screams under his body, squirming under the overstimulation of his climax and the soft pleasure from a vampire's pheromones entering his system and hiding away the pain of the fangs piercing his flesh. His head is allured enough to not register what is pain from pleasure anymore, and just be all melty under Quinlan's ministration.

Blood flows down Quinlan's throat, a messy eater while his come dirties his hand, their stomachs, bodies, whining through his peak and the stamina that fills his body after a good night dinner. He licks red off Encroached's neck, and is unbothered by the big crimson stain on the pillow below. The liquid feels aphrodisiac to the tongue alongside the the dizzy of his come.

The first conclusion Quinlan has through his bloody lips and gaze stuck on Encroached's face is simple — blood, indeed, becomes sweeter when in addition to "*spiritual food*" to one's veins.

His second conclusion is — his familiar has resistance to anything altering his blood system. How cute.

...His third conclusion, taken by a more physical reaction, is — even through the drugs took the lead of Encroached's body, his animal nature still takes reacts through muscle memory.

A bite is all it took for Encroached to be all hard again.

Quinlan licks the corner of his tongue, smirk ready on his face. He doesn't mind examining his familiar for a little longer.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!